TO A LADY IN A PICTURE

hough your dress is valved, And your hair is gold, no something in your oyes That you have not told. -Louiso Chandler Moulton.

ANGELS.

"Never heard how we got religion to Angels, stranger? I thought uv course warybody'd heerd that yarn. Tell yer? Why, sure; but let's liquor again, 'n I'll

Yer ore, 'twas afore Angels got to be such a big camp as 'twus later on, but it was a rich camp 'n a mighty wicked one. There were lots uv chaps there who'd jest us soon die in their boots as eat, 'n every other house was a dancehouse or a saloon or gambling hell. Pretty Pete 'n his pardner, Five Ace Bob, was reckoned the wickedest men in the state, 'n old Bill Jones, what kept the Golden West hotel, had a naal reputation for cussin.

"The idea of a parson striking the camp never was thought uv, but one day I was playing bank into Pete's game, when Five Ace came runnin in a see: Boys, I'll be ---, but there's an ornery cass of a parson jest rid up to Jones. He's got a pardner with him, 'lows he's goin to convert the 'The --- he is,' ses Pete. 'I'll camp. The — he is, see Pete. The finish the deal 'u go down and see about

"So we all walked down to Jones'. 'n thar, sure 'nuff, in the bar, talking with Old Bill, wuz the person, black coat 's white tie 'n all. He was a big, squar' chouldered chap, with a black beard in keen eyes that looked right through yer. His pardner was only a boy of wenty or so, with yeller curly h'ar, pink 'n white gal's face 'n big blue eyes. We all walked in, 'n Pete he stands to the bar 'n shouts for all hands ter drink, 'n to our surprise the parson 'n the kid both stepped up 'n called for red licker

"After the drink was finished the arson sez: 'Gents, as yer see, I'm a ninister of the Gospel; but I see no arm in a man drinking ez long ez he sin't no drunkard. I drank just now cause I want you to see that I am not ashamed to do before yer face what I'd do behind yer back. 'Right yer are, parson, says Pete; 'put it thar,' 'n they shook hands, 'n then Pete he up and called off the hull gang-Five Ace 'n Lucky Barnes 'n Dirty Smith 'n one 'n all the rest uv 'em. The parson shook ands with all uv us, 'n said he was going to have a meetin in Shifty Sal's one that night, ez 'twas the bigrest room in camp, 'n ast us all to come

"When we got outside Pete ses, 'Boys you mind me, that devil dodger'll cap-ture the camp, 'n he did. That night we all went along down to Shifty's 'n nd the parson 'n the kid on the tform where the fiddlers ust to sit, every man in camp wuz in the auwon't be no rakeoff in this yer meetin use, 'n I'm not here to preach against any man's way o' making a livin. I will preach ag'in' drunkenness, 'n I shall speak privately with the gamblers; but I want to keep you men in mind uv yer homes 'n yer mother 'n yer wives 'n yer sweethearts, 'n get yer to lead cleaner lives, so's when yer meet 'em ag'in yer'll not hev to be 'shamed.' he sed we'd hev a song, 'n the youngster he started in 'n played a concertina 'n sang 'Yes, We Will Gather at the River'; 'n there wuzn't one of us that it didn't remind uv how our mothers ust to dress us up Sundays end us to Sunday school, 'n stand the door to watch us down street 'n had our clean pocket handkerchur, 'n I tell yer, mister, thar wuzn't a man with dry eyes in the crowd when he'd finished. at young feller had a vice like a gel. Pete he sed it wuz a tenner vice, but Five Ace offered to bet him a hundred to fifty it was more like a fifteener or a twenty. Pete told Five Ace he wuz - old fool 'n didn't know what he was talkin about.

Well, things run along for about a week, 'n one day Pete come to me and ses: 'Look here, Ralters, this yer camp ain't no jay camp, 'n we've got to hev a church fer the parson. He's a jim dandy, and won't ask for nothing. He'd jest natchelly go on prayin and preachin'n tryin to mave a couple of whisky scaked uls like yourn 'n Bill Jones', which ain't wush powder to blow'em to —,
'n you'd let him go doin it in that old
shack of Sai's 'n never make a move. Now I'm goin to rustle 'round 'n dig up aff from the boys, and we'll jest mild him a meetin house as'll be a salft to the camp: 'a in a few days the ye hed a good log meetin house built, ed 'n benches in it 'n everythin.

"The parson was tickled most Next they built him a house, 'n n his pardner moved into it. Then Pete said the gals must go; sed it wus a ad, rank, snide game to work on the on ter hev to go down street 'n be m swful sometimes, too); so the galary want. Then Pete sed the church hed to be properly organized; hed to hev descons 'n church wardens 'n sex-'n things; so old Bill Jones 'n Alam was made descous, 'n Pete 'n

five Ace was church wardens. "In a month every last man in camp as worryin bont his future state. Old louse came into meetin one night his face 'n hands washed 'n an old suit on, 'n set down on the ansmeh 'n aut to be prayed fer. reen kneft down 'n put his arm him, 'n how he did pray. Behe got through Lucky Barnes, Alame was on the bench too, 's wed his Chinaman up the siste collar 'n set him down longside " me. Pete said he was a high toned Christian gentleman himself, hed been lorn 'n raised a Christian 'n was a senior shurch warden to boot, 'n that he'd ale a Christian of Ah Foo or spoil a

"Wasi, stranger, things run along nice is smooth for a couple ny months or so till Chris'mus comes nigh. The boys had been a keepin mighty straight; there wasn' a man in camp that drunked more's was bullsoms for him; there hedn't hin a shootin scrap for weeks. Pute such thines were suttin so alligred

calum 's peaceful that he wouldn't be at all surprised to git up sum fine day 'n find Ah Foo with wings 'n feathers on his legs like a Bramah hea. Nary a man packed a gun, 'n when a gent 'ud forgit 'n drop a cum word he'd beg parding. The parson was thick with all the boys. He writ letters for us, advised us about all our binnus, in knew all about everybody's affairs. Lots us 'em gave him. body's affairs. Lots uv 'em gave him their dust sack to keep for 'em, 'n he knowed where every man hed his

"Along jest afore Chris'mas cum Pete called a meetin uv the descons 'n church wardens down to his place, 'n after the sexton (Ah Foo) hed brought in a round of drinks he said: 'Gents, ez chairman exofficer in this yer layout I move that we give the person a little present fer Chris'mus. Yer know he won't take a durn cent from us, 'n never has. Uv course he has taken a few thousand from time to time to sand to ordings 'n things uv that kind, but not a red for hisself or pard, 'n I move that we make him a little present on Chris'mus day, 'n it needn't be so —— little either. Gents in favor'll say so 'n gents wot sin't kin keep mum. Carried, 'n that settles it. Five Ace 'n me'll take in contributions, 'n we won't take any less than fifty cases."

"That wus two days afore Chris'mus day, 'n when it cum Pete 'n Five Ace gets fer the parson's present. Pete assessed Ah Foo a month's pay, 'n he kicked hard accordin, but 'twer'n't no

The day was bright 'n clear, 'n at leven o'clock every man in camp wuz at church. The little buildin looked mighty tasty-sll fixed off with pine tassels 'n red berries we'd got in the woods, 'n every man wux dressed out in his best duds. At 'leven exact the par-son 'n the kid, who hed bin standin at the door shekin hands 'n wishin everybody what cum in Merry Chris'mus cum in 'n took their seats on the platform. Pete 'n Five Ace 'n Bill Jones 'n Alabam 'n me sot on a bench jest in front o' the platform. We wus all togged out in our best fixin's, 'n Pete 'n Five Ace they sported diamons till yer couldn't rest. Wasl, ez usual, the perceedin's opened up with er prayer from the parson, 'n then we hed singin, 'n it seemed ter me ez if I never hed heerd sich singin in my life afore ez thet kid

let out o' him thet day.
"Then the parson he started in ter jaw, 'n I must ellow he giv us a great discourse. I never see him so winded afore, tho', 'n Pete was begin nin' to get mighty restless 'n oneasy, when all uv a suddint we heerd the door open 'n shet quick 'n sharp, 'n every one turned around to find a great big black bearded cuss at the door a coverin the hull gang uv us with a double barled shotgun, n jest a stand-in thar cool n silent. 'Face around here, yer — fools, yelled some-body in a sharp, quick, bixnus meanin vice, 'n all hands faced around to find the parson holding em up will another shotgun—own brother to the one the

"I don't want a word out er yer, sed. 'Yer see my game now, don't yer? Thar ain't a gun in the house 'cept the distice. The parson spoke first. Hesed: ones you see, 'n if any gent makes any Gents, I want to tell yer first off I don't row in this yer meetin I'll fill his hide so want any uv yer dust. I've got enuff plum fuil o' holes 't won't hold his bones. The kid will now take up the collect 'n ez it's the first one we ever hev taken up yer must make it a liber'l one, see? The kid started out with a gunnysack, 'n went through the very last man in the crowd. He took everything, even to the rings on our fingers. The parson hed the drop, 'n we knew it 'n never kicked, but jest giv' np our stuff like

"After the kid hed finished he took the sack outside, 'n that's the last we ever seed o' him. Then the parson he sez: 'N now, gents, I must say adoo, ez I must be a travelin, for 1 hev another meetin to attend this eve'. I want to say the' afore I go thet you're the orner iest gang of — fools I ever played for suckers. A few friends of mine her taken the liberty, while yer've been to meetin this blessed Chris'mus day, uv goin through yer cabins 'n diggin up yer little caches uv dust 'n other val' Yer stock hez all been stampeded, 'n yer guns yer'll find somewhar at the bottom of the crick. My friend at the door will hold yer level while I walk out, 'n we will then keep yer quiet fer a few min-utes longer through ther winder jest so s we can git a nice cumf'table start; 'n so they did. What c'u'd we do? The parson walked out, grinning all over himself, 'n he 'n his pals they nailed up the door 'n the winders (that wus only two), 'n very soon after they hed finished we heard the clatter o' huffs 'n knowed

they waz gone.
"I must draw a veil over the rest of that day's proceedin's, stranger. The langwidge used by ther boys wuz too awful to repeat, but 'twas jest ez this parson sed, when we got out o' thet meetin house we found every animal on meetin house we found every satimal on the location gone, 'n the only arms left wur knives 'n clube, yet we'd hev gone after 'em with nothin but our hands, hut we couldn't follow afoot. How much did they get? I don't rightly know, but not fur from fifty thousand. The hull camp wur stone broke, all excep' Ah Foo, 'n he wur the only one uv us as had seen a nuff not to tall that durned. had sense enuff not to tell thet durned parson whar he cached his stuff. Pete Five Ace wuz so everlast hurt at the hall bizons that they shut up the Bird o' Prey, herrowed Ah Foo's sack 'n left for the bay to try 'n find thet parson, but they never did find him, 'n no one over heard uv him again."—Cali-

The Bank Cushier-You insist on my

The Bank President—I do, eir.
The Bank Cashier (leaving)—Very
well, eir; I shall have one before even ing. And-by the way-you will have place in Canada?-Life.

Litterarry What do you think of my

very-it was the most convincing article I ever read on the subject. I was sound seleep before I got half through it.—London Tit-Bita.

A yacht was in Bath, Me., a while ago named Psyche. A man upon the wharf observing the name spelled it out and remarked, "Well, may I be obspelling fish that I ever saw!"-Bas-

lithe posters at the gateways of the soul: Dear sycophant, that dust so fondly cling To even our worst of sorrowel Bark wi

Daunthesity veyages to illusion's goal, Heedless if it be shadow, if rock and shoul! White bird that carolest thine cawearing Trebbes of song, like those by newborn spring bared heaven ward from some binesom tinted anoil!

Ab, Hope, thou art sweet when mad seas glass wild skies. When war, peet, earthquake riots in bitter

gios.
Or yet when tyranny tortures and enslaves;
Or yet when tyranny tortures and enslaves; Or yet when tyrainey tortures and ensisves; But sweetest when thy shape phantasmal flice, A luminous dream named immortality, Over the darkness of earth a myriad graved —Edgar Fawcett in Cosmopolitan.

A PLAN THAT FAILED.

At the age of twenty-five a man has, without doubt, many things to learn. Therefore, for the warning of all confiding young men, I mean to tell a plain, unvarnished tale. Let him who reads

construct his own moral. At the beginning of the year 1870 I was nominally a lawyer in the town of

Rockport.

I had successfully engineered my way through the academic department of Yale by dint of hard cramming during examination weeks, and by the assist-ance of well stored shirt cuffs. I had gone through the law depart-

ment of the same institution, and had passed a year in the office of a New York city counsellor. I was then admitted to the bar, and began to practice in the town before mentioned. For several months I prac-

ticed principally patience. At length my reward came in the shape of my first One warm day in June I was sitting in my office, in front of which an ugly tin sign hung to tell the passerby that John Luther Abingdon, attorney at

law, was its occupant.

My law library, the food of my aspiring intellect, had been fairly large when I left the university, but it had gradually succumbed to the urgent needs of my the possession of the solitary Hebrew

who gave temporary assistance to the rising youth of Rockport.

An elderly gentleman stopped in front of my office, looked at the sign and ascended the steps. I knew him well by sight; he was Mr. Albert Sandford, one of the most respected citizens of the town, and well provide with the goods

which moth and rust do corrupt. He was moreover the father of a be witching daughter named Fannie, whose seraphic eyes and rosebud mouth had been the principal objects of my worship every Sunday at church. He entered the room and I arose to receive

"This," he said, "is Mr. Abingdon, I suppose?"
"Yee, sir," I answered; "at your serv

ice. Sit down, sir."

I waited in silence for him to con

tinue, which he presently did.
"There is," said he, "2 man in town who owes me \$400. I don't this: I shall ever be able to get it, though he is abundantly able to pay it. Now, if you can get the money you are welco to one-fourth. Will you take the case?"
"Certainly." I answered, my heart

ing \$100.

As this has little to do with my story payment of the debt and in due time be came the happy possessor of the afore-

said one-fourth. During the progress of the case I be-came quite friendly with my client, and he promised to give me what further le-gal business he might have. More than this, he invited me to visit his house, which I, with my secret admiration for the beautiful Fannie, lost no time in do-

To hasten toward my crisis, let me tell you that in three weeks I was mad-ly in love with Miss Sandford. It did not take me long to discove

that Mr. Sandford looked upon my de-votion to his daughter without disfavor. But I had one antagonist—her mother; and Mrs. Sandford was a fee not to be

In this predicament I went to Henry

Burton, my tried friend, and her music "Well, Jack," said he, after a long lence, "I see only one thing to be done."
"Name it, my boy," I replied, "and

"The old man likes you, you say?"
"Oh, beyond a doubt; I can count on him; but he has no authority."

"Then," said Harry, with a look of deep cunning, "we must furnish him with it." "How?" I inquired.

"Show him that Mrs. S. is ruling him; make him do something to acquire con-trol. When he has once established that he can arrange your marriage to suit himself.

That very night I began with my cun-ning work. I told Mr. Sandford that his wife was a noble woman, but she was too fond of having her own way. I knew from the way he looked during

the evening that he was reflecting upon my words. The next evening I was there again. He came to me and said: "I've been thinking about what you said. I opposed my wife in one or two small matters; but, my dear boy, she nearly took my head off. I shouldn't

dare do it again."

"Ah," seid I, "but you must, and that so decidedly that she will be convinced. that you are in earnest. Do that once and you will never have any trouble

"But how am I to do it?"

"Well, let me think it over, and to-morrow night I will tell you." When I left Mr. Sandford's that night I went to see Harry, and in an hour I was on my way home with the details of Harry's splendid plan buzzing through my head. Early the next evening I was alone with Mr. Sandford on the front

"Now, my boy," said he, "what is the

"Well, sir," I replied, "I know of no etter way for you to sesert your an-hority than by giving a 'stag' dinner

The old gentleman was astounded.
"My dear boy, that's impossible," said
be. "If I were to invite a lot of men
here to dine, Mrs. Sandford would drive been out of the house."

"Then," I suggested, "do it when she is away. You know she is going to spend three days next week with her sister in Littletown. This is your time.

Manage the house to suit yourself while

and finds fault settle the matter by in-

sisting on having things your own way.

The days passed with leaden feet, but finally Mrs. Samiford sook her departure and left her husband master of the situation. He immediately began his preparations for the dinner party, while I informed Fannie of what was going

At last, on the third day after Mrs. Sandford had gone, the dinner party took place. Only young men were in-vited, and we sat down at 6 o'clock in the evening, and were soon having a

The solids of the feast gradually disappeared, and we soon found ourselves telling funny stories over our wine and cigars. Some one proposed Mr. Sand-ford's health, and we arose to drink it

At this moment the door was flung open with a bang, and who should stalk

into the room but Mrs. Sandford. For a moment she stood as if thunder struck. Then, thinging her satchel into one corner of the room, she brought her imbrella down with a tremendous thump upon the floor and, after gasping for breath once or twice, screamed in

"What does this mean?" "Now's your time," I whispered to That gentleman drew himself up in a

dignified manner. "It means," said he, "that when I wish to invite a party of my friends to this house I'm going to do it. It means that I am going so have my own way."
"What-t-:?" cried his wife. "You

have your own way! You wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it. Here, you young scapegraces, out of my house, every one of you!"

"Silence, Marial" said the old man endesvoring to look brave, but trembling "Silence yourself!" she cried, dealing

him a blow with the umbrella that efectually destroyed his equilibrium. Then seizing an empty wine bottle she brandished it aloft. "Clear out," she cried, every mother's

on of you! Robbins jumped through the open window. The other fellows scattered like leaves before a hurricane, while Mrs. Sandford raged about the field of battle like a new Joan of Arc.

I quietly slipped in the next room, hoping to return and smooth matters over when the crowd had gone.

I saw that the splendid plan was a partial failure, but I was not going to desert my ally in this extremity. Presently I saw Sandford arise from his undignified position among the empty bot-tles, and I entered the room with a smile to help him face his wife. "Now, then," she said, "what does all

Mr. Sandford was as white as a sheet and he looked from one side of the room to the other till he caught sight of me. "There," he said, "that's the wretch

Mrs. Sandford turned and, seeing me. uttered a cry of fage.
"You, is it? I knew you would brew mischief in this house. Out of it—out

And seising her umbrells again she began to belabor me lustily about the head, shouting: "Go, go; leave! Go and don't come back!"

The next day I lay abed late, with bruised and discolored eye and a general feeling of soreness in my muscles, when a knock sounded upon my door and Enoch Robbins, with his eyes cast down and his hands folded as usual, entered

"Good morning," he said softly, studying the seams in the carpet; "I am sorry to see you ill. Have you heard the

"No," replied I; "what news?"
"Fanny Sandford eloped with Harry
Burton last night while we were at dinner. I thought you might not have heard of it and dropped in to tell you." This was a portion of Harry's scheme, which I had not known before. It was a splendid plan, however, and worked to a charm.—A. Q. B. in Boston Globe.

One winter there was such an unusual run of salmon in the Sacramento river that in forcing their way up stream they ran against and broke several piles that supported a railroad bridge, and it sagged in the center, making it unsafe for a train to pass over it. It was near train time, and the salmon, ng the damage they had home, got together, piled one on top of the other, raised the bridge to its proper level and held it up until the train passed over it in safety.—Sacramento (Cal.) Record-

We rarely call out all the love there is in our domestic animals; for the most part none at all. It makes me many a ore hour when I drive about the country and see the lonely look of horses and sows. Dogs fare better, but cows are rarely petted and made much of as friends. They have in them a great ca-pacity for gentleness and affection.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Barren Portion of the Sea. The forms of sea life in the upper por-tion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of 1,200 feet or so from the surface, but there then succeeds a barren sone, which continues to within 350 to 300 feet from the bottom, where the p sea animals begin to appear .- Chi-

cago Herald. Day and Night. Charles Wyndham once called at the greenroom, and on entering sank languidly into its famous Garrick chair. siring to be genial, Secretary Le Clery blandly remarked:

"Ah, Mr. Wyndham, you are growing more and more like Mr. Garrick every lay of your life." 'Yes," instantly retorted a fellow actor sitting near, "and less and less like him every night!"—Argonaut.

Bridget," said the head of the house arrayed in evening dress, "I am unex-pectedly called out for the evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note as soon as she comes in,

without fail." "Yis, sorr," responded Bridget, "TR lave it in the pocket of the tronsers ye've just taken off; then she'll be sure to foind it,"—London Tit-Bits.

In 1880 fifty Bonapartiet journals fic-ished in France, but this number | been now reduced to five, the oth having turned in favor of the republic

Coal black are the tresses of Fans But never a mortal could see The coal colored tresses of Antile, And be as a body could be.

White, white is her forehead and be And when she gots down to the we The beat of the footsteps of Annie The writh of a tiger would quell

Red, red are her round cheeks, and bon And when she is knitting, her tone— The charm of the access of Annie— Would ravish the heart of a stone.

Nay, rure are her graces and many, But nothing whatever can be Compared to the awest giance of Annie, The giance she has given to me! —Joseph Skipsey in New York Tribune.

ADELAIDE.

It is now a long while since the manager of a theatrical company, then re-hearsing "The New Year's Present" in the town of Cividale, near Udine, declared that no stiff doll should be used to represent the infant introduced into the piece, but that a real baby must be

found at once.

"Hasn't somebody a baby?" he cried.

A good looking actor who was standing at one side of the stage instantly nudged his wife with his elbow. laughed and blushed.

"Mine is only two months old, mor sieur," she said. "But I can promise you that she shall know her part, since I can prompt her when it is time for her

"That matter is settled ther manager remarked, with a sigh of content; and the name of another actress was placed upon the list, and its parents drew a tiny salary for its services in addition to their own. Afterward people said that the baby really cried and cooed in the right places, and was

evidently a born actress.

There was after this no want of a baby in the company with which its parents were connected, and at the age of five the little girl had a speaking part

of her own.
Little Signorina Adelaide created quite furore in this part. She went to Venice, to Milan, and to Rome; and at an age when most young actresses are seeking an opportunity to appear was well established in her profession.

It was at the Royal theater of Turin

that a young nobleman, the Count Ca-pranica Della Grilla, first saw her.

The part she played was one that called forth all the powers of her genius and demanded the costliest and most elegant costumes and the most brilliant display of jewels. Her dark beauty, wonderful even in the simplest dress, was enhanced by this marnificence, so that it seemed actually super

The young count leaned from his box with his eyes fixed upon her. His admiration was so evident that the whole ouse remarked it.

The admiration of a nobleman for

beautiful actress was not uncommon. It generally ended in one way. The noble-man won the lady's smiles, surrounded her with luxury and for awhile adored

her. Then they quarreled. When the count's devotion became manifest, as it did shortly, all the world expected this history to be repeated. They were disappointed. The Signorina dignified as well as a beautiful girl. The count's love was tinctured with respect. Shortly he made an offer of mar-riage to the fair Adelaide and was ac-

After this he confided to his parent the fact that he was about to ma est, the loveliest and the greatest genius mong women-in fact, the most incomparable creature upon earth—and saked them to congratulate and bless

dom to be calculated on in this particular, and the young count's were no exception to the general rule. Instead of rejoicing, the ladies of the fam-ily bemoaned themselves with the energy only possible to Italians. The father, instead of blessing, uttered curses loud and deep. The daughter of a poor nobody! "An actrese!"

The son of their ancient family should not so cast himself away. He might betroth himself as much as he pleased, but

should never marry the girl. The old count went to see Signorina Adelaide's father, but was treated with little reverence. He commanded his son to give up his mad idea, and set before im the fact that he was about to dis grace his family. The son declared that he alliance he was about to make would

member his mother's grief, his sister's ears. The young count declared that they were not to be pitied, since they wept when they should rejoice.

Finally the indignant and terrified father had his son seized upon and carried away in a fashion quite possible in Italy and confined in an old castle which he possessed in Campagna, there to re-main until he promised to give up his lovely Adelaide forever and take for a wife some high born medame of his mother's choosing.

Thus parted from each other, the low ers grieved and yearned, and watched the moon, and counted the hours as lovers always do under such circumstances

but did not despair.

The guard set at the gates would never have allowed the young count to pass through them or to climb the walls, but when a wagon laden with provisions entered no one thought of watching the ragoner's boy in his frock and sle hat, and so a little bribe bought the cos-tume of the fellow, and the young count macked his whip gayly as he drove over he hill and got away withou being discovered, though the guard would exam-ine the wagon before he let it pass.

The count est under a tree reading book for a long while afterward-that a, the wagoner in the count's clothes and when the truth was discovered the consternation was so great that the confederate escaped soot free.

By that time the young count was married. He had met his wife at a little

shurch to which she came with he father and other friends, and they were made one and went off together. There was some talk of the count himself becoming an actor, but, whatever hap-pened, the old nobleman, his father, old do nothing now.

Finally, the family held comeel tist

all in all to her. She yielded to his per spanious and retired from the pro

She went to live with the great for ily, who were very kind to her. She tasted all the eweets of idlenous and lux-ury and was allored by her husband. She was for awhile perfectly happy.

But alowly, surely, a nameless long-ing crept into her soul. She felt her life dull and uninteresting. The artist with-in her got the better of her. Her one

rincipal part.

To this the count gave his co His parents, after some demur, agreed that acting for a charity, and to such as andience, was not objectionable, and one night the play was put upon the oards of a magnificent theater.

Once more Adelaide, in all the splendor

of a queenly costume, walked the stage. Once more she was happy. And how

Applause rent the air. Her wonderful genius impressed all who listened. The old delight in it returned to her husband, and none was more enthusiaetic than his relatives. I do not know what the play was, or I would give its name to my readers, but those who saw it that night never forgot it.

How often did they call the beautiful countess before the curtain! how often

did she smile and courtesy and kiss her hands to them! She was happy for the first time for long, long months. A good deed had been done. The poor debtor was happy, too, for his debt had been paid, and he had money besides to begin the world with on his day of freedom. His wife knelt to kiss the hand of the benevolent countess, and the poor man himself, bewildered by his unexpected good fortune, could only weep. Happi-ness was restored to a home that had been very miserable. As for Adelaide herself, hope arose in her heart. The sensation her acting had caused was so tremendous that the whole feeling of her husband's family changed. Italians are all artists enough to feel pride in genius like hers, and when she unbu-dened her heart to them and told of he dened her heart to them and to the longing to return to the stage they gave their consent, and so that greatest of all modern actresses, Adelaide Ristori, began the triumphant career that has made her name known in every country n the world as the greatest of

ern tragic actresses. Surely no one can say that truth may not be as romantic as fiction.-Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

A political critic of a former gene tion was engaging an apartment in one of the chief streets of Paris. The land-lady wishing, like all landladies, to make lady wishing, like all landladies, to make the best of her rooms, led him to one of the principal windows and, as she swung back the Venetian blinds, remarked, "It is from this point, sir, that all of our revolutions pass." The good woman was no cynic, but spoke from her heart, and just as an English landlady who harps upon the splendid view of the sea from the two pair front.

The Eskimo men and women wear the bang, but it is a fringe of straight hair oung, but it is a fringe of straight hair unfretted with hot irons and crimping pins. The distinguished mark of the Pueblo Indian is also a "bang." Their shocks of long, wiry black hair are cut straight across the forehead just above the eyebrows, and worn flowing in the back, usually with a bright colored scarf twisted turban fashion about the bead.—Washington Star.

LANDON. The greatest opportunity ever offered Grand Rapids Grand Rapids to study music and ari during the summer months is presented by the Western Nich-DEKONTSKI, BRYANT. DAVIS. vatory. The mere at

nouncement of the fact that these artists, well known to the musical world, will conduct a sum mer school of music, should be enough to stimulate the desire of every love and student of music to participate in the work and become a student. No mistake will be made in acquiring a musical education from these teachers as they are experienced, cultured and

large experience in this line, will be special charge of the work. All be ers who have their own best intere

s pertaining to music, either instru-ptal or vocal.

A summer school for all bran-idustrial and pictorial art will be need and in charge of Miss Mi Davis, well known to every teacher this city. This special course planned to meet the requirement teachers in the art work of the pol

NERVOUS PROSTRATION. A Prevalent Malady During Hot

dull and uninteresting. The artist within her got the better of her. Her one great longing was to act once more, to tread the stage as of yore, to live the life for which she was born. She dreamed of it at night, she dreamed of it by day, but she never spoke of it. Hier word had been piedged and she must keep it.

Society had ceased to charm her. All occupation was wearisome. She turned her attention to the poor and was beam-tiful to them. Among other wretched in people, she gave alims to the poor creatures in the debtors' prison. It was in the year 1847. At that day, in the place where she abode, a creditor who chose could cast his debtor into a foul prison and let him rot there.

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who had at compulsory to give the man who had at compulsory to give the man who had at compulsory to give the man who had a computation of the same abould be an one of these symptomatic in every case.

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who owed money which he could not pay bread and water. For all else he had to depend on charity, and there were barn in his cage behind which he could sit thrusting out his hand for whatever pitiful strangers chose to give.

The Countess Adelaide had often spoken to one unfortunate man, a gentleman whose debt was very large, and one day it came into her mind that there was a way in which he might be delivered from his bonds and restored to his helpless wife and children. Accordingly, she spoke of it to her husband.

Her idea was to give an entertainment to the public, the object being specified in the public prints and in private letters. The tickets soid at high prices; actors of position would be implored to offer their services, and she herself would take the principal part.

The Line of Lakes.

The Line of Lakes.

The Line of Lakes.

The above name has been applied to The above name has been applied to the Wisconsin Central lines on account of the large number of lakes and summer resorts tributary to its lines. Among some of the well known summer resorts are Fox Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Waukesha, Mukwonago, Cedar Lake, Neenah, Waupeca, Fifield, Butternut and Ashland, Wis. These akes abound in numerous species of fish, such as black bass, rock bass, pickerrs, pike, perch. muskallonge, while fish, such as black base, rock base, pickerel, pike, perch, muskallonge, while sportsmen will find an abundance of game, such as ducks, goese, quall, snipe, etc. In the grandeur of her scenery, the charming beauty of her rustic landscapes and the rare perfection of her summer climate, the state of Wisconein is acknowledged to be without a peer in the union. Her fame as a refreshing retreat for the overheated, careworn inhabitants of the great cities during the midsummer months, has extended southward as far as the Gulf of Mexico and eastward to the Atlantic. Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to A. A. Jack, D. P. A., Detroit, Mich., or James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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